

He Followed Style.

Among "style" items on an American paper the order stood that "balance" (referring to financial statements) should always be rendered "remainder." A new arrival was duly notified, and took it literally, without any limitation. Hence when a piece of casualty "copy" fell in his lot there was justification in setting it up thus:

"John Blank, working on a three-story building in Twelfth avenue, lost his remainder, and fell a distance of fifty feet."

Tea Grown in Oregon.

A citizen of Hubbard, Peter Loer, has demonstrated the fact that the finest quality of Japan tea can be successfully grown in Hubbard and in all parts of Oregon. He has a large patch of land planted to tea, which is growing nicely and is very thrifty. He raised a small quantity of tea last year, which he readily disposed of to Portland merchants at \$4 a pound. The merchants offer to pay that price for good tea raised in Oregon.

DISCOURAGED WOMEN.

A Word of Hope For Despairing Ones.

Kidney troubles make weak, weary, worn women. Backache, hip pains, dizziness, headaches, nervousness, languor, urinary troubles make women suffer untold misery. Ailing kidneys are the cause. Cure them. Mrs. E. G. Corbin, 84 N. Depot St., Dalton, Ga., says: "My body was racked with kidney aches and pains, and sometimes my arms were numb. I was dull and miserable all the time and hoped for death to relieve me. Doan's Kidney Pills soon brought improvement, and finally made me a well woman."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Western school journal is responsible for the story that a youthful pupil in the history class wrote the following statement: "The American war of independence took place because the colonies refused to submit to taxation without temptation."

Don't dope yourself for every little pain. It only hurts your stomach. Such pain comes usually from local inflammation. A little rubbing with Hamlin's Wizard Oil will stop it immediately.

Postoffices were first established in the year 1664.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

The Cause of Insomnia.

Insomnia never comes without cause. The cause may lie in a disease requiring the attention of a doctor. It will always end in becoming the indication of a serious condition if it is disregarded. It more frequently indicates an ill-regulated life.

The woman who, knowing herself free from disease, finds the habit of sleeplessness stealing upon her should employ some of her sleepless hours, or, better still, some of her more intelligent day-time hours, in a careful consideration of her daily life. Is her working time eating up her recreation time? Is her recreation time absorbing her resting time? Is she having enough exercise and fresh air? Is her diet a wise one? Is her life too full of excitement? Is she allowing worry and trouble to destroy her philosophy and perspective? The questions are many that she must ask herself before ascribing her insomnia to a disease and yielding her case to a doctor.

The healthy woman living a normal life is never troubled with insomnia, although she may have a few sleepless hours now and then as a result of some unusual excitement or emotion. Infrequent sleeplessness of this sort with an easily understood cause needs no serious attention. It is the apparently unaccountable sleeplessness oft repeated that irritates and indicates a need for intelligent investigation lest more serious trouble follow.—From an Article in Harper's Bazar.

H. Z. Kehs, rural mail carrier of Schenckville, Pa., witnessed a novel fight between three blackbirds and a snake. After a fierce but undecided fight, lasting fully a half hour, the birds flew away and the snake crawled into its hiding place.

BAD DREAMS Caused by Coffee.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night, for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare.

Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions. "I was astonished at the flavor and taste. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could wean every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug—ordinary coffee.

"People really do not appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of it would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned.

"A young lady friend of ours had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit coffee and began the use of Postum, and is now perfectly well. Yours for health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE POOREST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Not he that begs upon the street, Or, homeless, tramps the road, But he who to the squarely meet, The face of man and God; Who dares not face the hosts of Night, Neath flag of Truth unfurled, Who can't afford to do the right— He's the poorest man in the world.

Who can't afford to speak the truth, To fight the ancient wrong, To take the part of hapless youth, The weak against the strong; Who can't afford to shield a name From venomous arrows hurled— He—not the blind, the lame, the dumb— He's the poorest man in the world. —Clarence Watt Heazlitt.

The Maple Leaf.

By Miss Eva Gormley.

Tall, dark, tangled pines and spruces completely surrounded the beautiful Lac d'Amour; the blue sunny June morning sky smiled at its reflection in the lake's clear mirror. Wild tuncful notes of hidden birds mingled with the perfumed whispers of messages of the breezes and the musical dip, dip of oars.

Helen MacNole rested a few moments, allowing the light skiff to drift idly towards the lily beds, while she eagerly and with extreme pleasure drank in all the uncultivated, primitive Canadian beauty of forest, lake and sky. Two whole months at Aunt Sophia's cottage meant a great deal to this Boston girl, for she had never before been in the fair province, and every scene was new and attractive to her.

Helen had half lost herself in a delightful reverie when the sound of splashing paddles aroused her, which was accompanied by a mellow tenor voice that was singing with the most enthusiastic, passionate earnestness the sweet song of "The Maple Leaf."

The chorus ran: "The maple leaf, our emblem dear, The maple leaf forever. God save our King and heaven bless The maple leaf forever."

The rare voice that sang those words quite charmed Helen, yet she laughed softly, and a mischievous light came into her irresistible blue eyes as she threw back her head and sang in her pure soprano voice "The Star Spangled Banner." After she had concluded she said to herself with a low laugh of sheer fun: "I'll show whoever it is that there is a Yankee on this little sea."

She had scarcely finished speaking when a pretty canoe glided around the bend of the Lac d'Amour. Its occupant, none other than the tenor singer, regarded his enemy with a half amused, half piqued look of surprise. He was handsome. His face was dark and vivacious; his smile, showing strong white teeth, was dazzling. There was a careless grace and freedom about his movements. The wind had ruffled his soft black hair until it half tumbled into his sparkling brown eyes.

Helen looked at the tenor half confused, half afraid, for she had not expected to be discovered in her retreat—and by such a well-meaning young gentleman.

"Pardon, miss, if I have disturbed you and your song," the young man commenced.

"You have not disturbed me at all, sir—see, my boat has never moved an inch," Helen replied, with an attempt to look grave, but for some unknown reason she burst into a hearty, mirthful laugh.

"You are an excellent singer, miss. Excuse my frankness, it is my misfortune, not my fault," the tenor said, leisurely laying the paddle across the canoe.

"All Yankees are good singers," Helen responded concisely, trying to look utterly sincere.

"So you're a Yankee? Yes, I know so by your song which sounded a good deal like a challenge," the other said, as he calmly and with open admiration studied Helen's proud head, crowned with braided coils of gold-tinted brown hair, her pink cheeks and slender, straight form.

"Yes, I am a Yankee—Miss Helen MacNole, of Boston, Mass.," Helen replied.

"And I am Lester Lejarn, a French Canadian Frenchman," the young boatman retorted, with equal dignity. Then both the boaters laughed merrily, it was all so amusing.

It does not take long for two young, happy-spirited persons to get acquainted, when Helen's boat grated the shore beside of Lejarn's, the two had become quite intimate. Helen, for her part, felt in a childish mood of enjoying the adventure. As for Lejarn, he was very much in earnest; he decided that he would see more of this charming Yankee, this Helen MacNole, of Boston, Mass.

Helen found out from Aunt Sophia that Lester Lejarn was the son of an Englishman by birth and claimed his French descent on his mother's side. After the death of Lejarn's mother Mr. Lejarn had come to Canada, bringing Lester, the only child. When Lester was but fourteen his father became blind, and since that time the young Lejarn had worked in a Montreal business house and supported his father.

Helen firmly put aside the fact that she was the only daughter of the widowed, prosperous banker, Arthur MacNole, and allowed the French tenor to take her boating, driving and walking when he was home from work. Finally, a message came to the effect that Helen must come home, as a party of wealthy New Yorkers were coming to pass the winter season at the MacNole mansion.

At twilight, when the sky was gaily colored by sunset, and the Lac d'Amour was a sheet of pink crystal, Helen walked slowly, for the last time, down to the shore with Lejarn.

"I don't believe I care to go out on the lake to-night," Helen said, her voice rather low and tremulous.

"You are sorry to leave this place, that's it?" Lejarn asked kindly. Helen nodded.

"Why?" he continued. "I cannot believe you have grown to love the

Maple Leaf better than the Star Spangled Banner."

"Oh, no," Helen responded, trying to laugh. She leaned against the trunk of a huge maple tree. No particular thought came to her mind, but some strange, cold gloom settled over her heart. Lejarn looked at her very intently.

The sunset had faded away, leaving the sky a blue, shadowy expanse, where stars twinkled faintly. The moon was rising above the pines and shone upon the Lac d'Amour with a glorious light.

"Helen, it is because you love me," Lejarn said softly and convincingly. The tears coursed freely down Helen's cheeks.

"Helen, I love you. I've dared to, although you are a Yankee girl," he smiled, "but I cannot claim you—you would not marry a poor Frenchman, would you?"

Helen dashed the tears from her eyes and nodded, saying, in a pained voice: "But my father."

"Ah, I realize," Lejarn said abruptly, then, "Here, Helen, take this Maple Leaf pin, and when I can stand on an equal footing with you I'll come to claim you. It will take time to build myself up in business, perhaps you may tire of waiting, but remember I will always love you," and Lejarn pinned the silver token onto Helen's dress; he clasped those strong arms about her for a moment, and only the lapping waves and her sobs were heard. She almost pushed Lejarn away and fled from the lake.

Hushed woodlands and tranquil bay met the tired eyes of the passengers on board of the boat which was slowly drifting into the Canadian harbor.

Helen, clad in black, her face rather pale and sad, looked back at the vast extent of ocean behind her and sighed. She would never return. Her father had died, and the heavily mortgaged estate had been confiscated, all within the year that she had spent since she left Canada the previous fall. Helen was returning to make her home with Aunt Sophia.

From the time she left the boat until she got out of the pony cart at her aunt's cottage, Helen mused doubtfully, hopefully. Lejarn was in that town yet, so she learned—but had he forgotten her after that brief summer acquaintance?

Although fatigued, that same evening Helen walked through the woods to the lake. She even donned the same muslin gown she had worn that night when she and Lejarn had stood on the shore, and fastened the little maple leaf pin to the collar. The little boat was still there and she got in. For a time she rowed aimlessly, gazing beyond the black pines, into the brilliant, glowing west.

Lejarn had forgotten her, probably, and she must forget him. Helen took off the pin and held it in her hand a moment. At that instant a rustling in the bushes disturbed her and looking up she saw—Lester Lejarn standing on the gleaming strand of the Lac d'Amour.

"Helen!" he uttered; his face grew pale with sudden surprise. With a hasty movement he started to unloose the remaining craft that was tied to the stake, but Helen shook her head, and with a few strokes brought her boat to the shore.

"Pardon me, Miss MacNole, I have again intruded upon your solitude—and on a sadder occasion." Lejarn glanced at the black ribbon band on Helen's sleeve.

Helen nodded and stood silently before the tenor, who looked at her questioningly.

"I have not become wealthy enough yet to claim you—but probably you had forgotten me," he began in a choking voice. Then he told her how he had struggled to advance in business and how his father had died, too, and left him utterly alone. Helen told her own grief in a few words. Then there was silence a few moments; Lejarn searched for the pin, but did not see it. Helen, seeing the action, blushed faintly as she unclosed her hand and showed the little emblem.

The Lac d'Amour grew dark and pine fragrance filled the air. Again the moon shone brightly and the waters of the lake lapped a soft, tender song, not marred by sobs of sorrow, but a happy silence told the simple three-worded story more eloquently than ever before. Far across, on the opposite side of the lake, children's voices were singing:

"The maple leaf, our emblem dear, The maple leaf forever. God save our King and heaven bless The maple leaf forever."

And Helen walked through the silent aisles of the forest with Lejarn, never more to leave the region of the Lac d'Amour.—Boston Post.

Rose That Changes Its Color. Write in the shade, red in the sun—such is the two-fold character that has given a name to the chameleon rose. At night or when it is carried into a dark room it assumes a wax-like whiteness. This does not occur abruptly, but the petals first pass through a bluish tint, which rapidly changes into a very pale rose and finally ends by becoming the purest white. Then, if it is taken into bright sunlight, with the greatest rapidity it resumes the scarlet tint of the most brilliant peony.

This horticultural phenomenon comes from Japan, that country of magic gardens and wizard horticulturists.—Pettit Jardin.

Gymnastics in Greece. The Athenians, whose aim was grace and ease of demeanor, found in his pleasant gymnastic exercises all that would tend to make him lithe and agile in movement, as well as erect and dignified in bearing, for the harmonious development of all the faculties and powers, by suitable and regular exercise, was the leading fact in education at the best period of Grecian history.—New York Press

Motorcar Service Across Gobi Desert. Among the latest activities of awakening China is to be a service of motorcars across the Gobi desert to replace the tea caravans of old. The service will cross the desert between Urga and Kalgan, which will shortly be connected with Pekin by rail.—China Sunday Review.

Less Coal Mined in England. Last year's output of coal in England showed a decrease of over 6,900,000 tons.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Denatured alcohol has been successfully manufactured from flax straw at the North Dakota agricultural college. The yield of thirty-five gallons a ton does not make it a paying proposition.

Tests show that the wind movement of fifteen miles an hour against the side of a building will force 185 cubic feet of air through a one-sixteenth-inch crevice in an hour.

It is stated by a German biologist that the two sides of a face are never alike; in two cases out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten; and the right ear is generally higher than the left.

Dr. Wurtzen has had great results in many cases of smallpox, quick cures and no pitting. He keeps the patient in total darkness, and finds Finsen's red treatment uncertain. No white light is allowed even for a second, but red light lamps are momentarily used to examine patients.

Gaston Ponnier affirms that the ability of bees to fly straight to their hives from a distance as great as two miles is not due, as some have believed, to either sight or smell, but to a special sense of direction possessed by bees. Monsieur Ponnier bases his belief in the existence of this strange sense, which would be extremely useful to man also, on a series of experiments with homing bees. He does not know in what organ the sense is seated, but he says that, at any rate, it is not in the antennae.

After a series of experiments with the California flea, Prof. C. W. Woodworth, of the University of California, announced that although that insect has eyes it does not see. To be more exact the professor stated that the flea does not see material objects, but merely sees a variation of the rays of light when near an object.

"There is no formation of images on the retina of the eye of a flea," said Prof. Woodworth. "All the insect sees when it is approaching a solid object is a varying intensity of light rays."

THE "GHOST FLUID." An Interesting Experiment Which Anyone Can Perform.

There is an experiment, first made by Dr. J. Maxwell, avocat-general at the Court of Appeals, in Paris, a distinguished magistrate and physician, which may be repeated in any drawing-room. Place a screen covered with a dark-colored cloth in front of a window so that the light falls full upon it. Between the window and the screen put the subject of your experiment; let him hold his hands, palms toward the breast, finger tips touching, in such a position that they are projected against the dark background of the screen. Then bid him slowly separate his hands, keeping the fingers extended widely. Standing behind him you will observe a sort of bluish-gray cloud which seems to unite one hand to the other. Eight people out of ten will see this, says Vance Thompson in a startling article on psychic research, called "On the Trail of the Ghost," in Hampton's Magazine. In three hundred tests made by Dr. Maxwell personally, two hundred and fifty folk of one sex and the other discerned the digital effluvia; about three per cent. saw it tinged a decided blue; two saw it yellow in tone; in one instance the spectator saw it of a reddish hue. The experiment succeeds best in a warm room. Cold and damp work against it. The duration of durability is four or five seconds.

A Volcano That Rose in a Night. In Harper's Weekly Alexander Hume Ford describes a journey to the great Samoan volcano, which, during the four years of its activity, has sent forth more lava than any volcano of which there is human record. Every minute, it has been computed, 300,000 tons of lava flow over the edge of the crater and roll on to the ocean, into which the molten rock plunges, dissolving into fine sand, and building up a new, coast-line along ten miles of shore. "As it pours itself into the sea," says the writer, "columns of water are raised in steam to incalculable heights, and this, descending in a fine rain of fine, destroys vegetation and corrodes the galvanized iron roofings of churches and trading stations for miles around."

The Man-Cranes of the Nile. A. Henry Savage Landon, writing in Harper's Weekly, describes a tribe of negroes visited by him among the swamps of the upper Nile, whose lower limbs are of abnormal length. "The anatomical structure of the Shiluk shows that these people have been specially built by nature to live in marshy regions," he writes. "Often one sees them along the river banks, standing for long periods of time upon one leg, not unlike flamingoes, the other foot resting upon the knee of the extended limb." Another tribe of giants is mentioned in this article, which is illustrated with photographs of members of these strange races.

To Feast on a Fat Bishop. Bishop Goodsell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, weighs over two hundred pounds. It was with mingled emotions, therefore, that he read the following in Zion's Herald some time ago: "The announcement that our New England bishop, Daniel A. Goodsell, has promised to preach at the Williamsburg camp meeting, will give great pleasure to the hosts of Israel who are looking forward to that feast of fat things."—Everybody's Magazine.

In Saxony there is an industry which manufactures artificial silk for silk stockings which are turned out there.

A "foot" measure varies in China from eleven inches to fifteen inches. Each district has its own foot rules, its pounds and its pecks. An effort is now being made to introduce a uniform system.

The big trees of California are the oldest living things in the world. Estimates made from cross sections of some of those which have fallen show that the mature trees are more than 1000 years old.

Plans are on foot for holding an agricultural and crop exposition in Mexico. This may assume the shape of an agricultural congress to be held in September, 1910, as a part of the celebration of the Mexican centennial.

There is at Kaiser Wilhelm's Berlin palace at Oberhofmeisterin, a lady who has been described as a court chamberlain in petticoats, who has to make personal acquaintance with every lady before she attends a court.

The Budapest news telephone system of several years' standing is a success. The service costs only \$7.31 a year. News all day long and military band music from 4.30 to 6.30 p. m., in the evening the royal opera or one of the theatres closing with music by one of the Tzigane orchestras.

In China not only girls, but boys change names. When a boy is born he gets a nursing name; later his teacher gives him a school name; when he is given the cap of manhood his official name is given him, and finally he selects a name for himself, for friends to call him by and for letters.

An Economical Camping Outfit By DILLON WALLACE.

It is not necessary to enjoyment and comfort that one be provided with a large or expensive outfit for summer camping. I have always found the simplest the best. Too much of the paraphernalia of civilization robs a camp of much of its charm. No small art of the pleasure of camping is derived from the necessity to improvise, and satisfaction derived from inventing new ways of doing things. As an adequate outfit for two, I would suggest the following:

General. Waterproof "A" Tent, 7 1/2 x 7 1/2 with sod cloth \$5.00 Rope for pitching tent and general use50 Waterproof ground cloth, for tent floor 3.75 One 1/2 axe 1.00 Stone for sharpening axe and knives25 Soap and towels Matches

I would recommend having the tent front fitted with mosquito netting. The outfitter where the tent is purchased will do this, or it may be easily done at home.

Cooking and Kitchen Utensils. 2 Three- quart kettles. 1 Two- quart kettle for coffee pot. 1 Fry pan. 1 Large pan for mixing, and for dish pan.

1 Wash basin. 1 Large stirring spoon. 4 Small spoons. 3 Cups. Knives and forks. 1 Small butcher knife.

An aluminum folding baker will be found a great convenience. These are worth about three dollars and fifty cents. With a little experimenting one can roast and bake very well, however, before an open fire.

Aluminum pots, kettles, cups, spoons, etc., will not tarnish, are very light and last indefinitely, but are rather expensive. Where weight is not to be especially considered, ordinary enamel ware will answer just as well, however, and the cost is inconsiderable.—Outing Magazine.

The Physician. Doctor Cathelin, of Paris, declares that no person who does not possess certain "six moral senses" should attempt to enter the medical profession, viz., the sense of duty, the sense of responsibility, the sense of kindness, the sense of manual skill (which he subdivides into the sense of boldness and the sense of prudence), the sense of beauty and the social role.

"The sense of duty toward the patient," he says, "is the very first requisite in a physician. It can only arise from a positive and innate altruism or love of one's fellow-creatures—a quality similar to that which moves the hospital nurse to the care of the stricken. There can be no personal sensitiveness, nor lack of interest in details, as against an absorbing curiosity that complicated cases arouse, and yet, with all this sense of duty, which calls for extreme goodness and sensitiveness of heart, he must not show a trace of emotion."—Boston Globe.

Training the Children. In the family of the rich Greek the training of the children was conducted by masters with the soft sounds of the Attic pipe, thus all movement of body, mind and speech was under control and regulation of gentle, peaceful, pleasant harmony. Pity this same Attic pipe and system of beautiful gentle manners were not introduced into our public schools, for winning manners and gentle deportment is almost the most blessed heritage a poor girl or boy can receive for happiness and certain advancement in this day.—New York Press.

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Always You Want to Know

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"QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS."

In "Answers" columns, fresh and free, Of Sun and Herald and Gazettees How often does the reader see "This column does not settle bets!" But though my weary vision frets At things like "What is franklinoid?" "This is the favorite of my pets; There is no premium on the coin."

"In August, 1883," "Declining, always send regrets;" "They grow upon the orange-tree;" "This column does not settle bets;" "Four is the number for quartettes;" "It was the Battle of the Boyne;" "See recipe for beef croquettes;" "There is no premium on the coin."

"H. M.—See answer to J. B.;" "They spoke of them as calumets;" "The goddess is Melpomene;" "This column does not settle bets;" "Bayonne invented bayonets;" "The sweetest meat is tenderloin;" "See 'Manners, Forms and Etiquettes';" "There is no premium on the coin."

"L'Envoi." O Prints, how wearisome it gets, "This column does not settle bets!" And oh, if we could but enjoy: "There is no premium on the coin!" —Franklin P. Adams, in Puck.



"Judge, did you ever try an abstinence frappe?" "No; but I've tried a lot of fellows who have."—Cleveland Leader.

"Like lettuce, Pat?" "No, O! don't. An O!m glad O! don't. For it O! liked ut, O!d ate ut, an I hate the stuff."—Life.

Hope is the thing That plants the seeds; But digging's what Knocks out the weeds. —Boston Herald.

Bacon—"I understand some of your hens have stopped laying?" Eggbert—"Two of them have." "What's the cause?" "Automobile."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I suppose you know of my family tree?" said Baron Fuchas. "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It may have been a good tree, all right, but it looks to me as if the crop was a failure."—Washington Star.

Pearl—"Let us go out in the surf, my dear. I want to learn how to float." Ruby—"Oh, you are slow. Learn how to sink. Then some handsome young man is sure to dash out and rescue you."—Chicago Daily News.

Back all his stories come; He tries again. Hope springs eternal from A fountain pen. —Judge.

"In some way, George, papa has found out that you are a poet," said the fair girl to the youth with uncut hair. "That's where your papa has the advantage of the critics," said the young man a little bitterly.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"How can you reconcile your previous statements with your present opinions?" "I don't want to reconcile 'em," answered Senator Sorghum. "My desire is to keep them so far apart that they can be considered as strangers."—Washington Star.

"Do you never indulge in the pleasure of getting out and turning up the fresh earth?" "It's no pleasure to me," answered the novice at golf. "Every time I go to the club I get nothing but harsh looks for my activities in that direction."—Washington Star.

"That